

TERMS.—\$2.00 per annum; or
\$1.75 if paid *strictly in advance*.

Advertisements inserted at one
dollar per square (12 lines) for the
first three insertions, and seventeen
cents for each subsequent insertion.
Those who advertise by the year,
can make contracts on liberal terms.
The privilege of Annual Adver-
tisers is limited to their own imme-
diate business; and all adver-
tisers.

ments for the benefit of other per-
sons, as well as all legal advertise-
ments, and advertisements of real
estate, or auction sales, sent in by
them, must be paid for at the usual
rates.

Cards of acknowledgement, reli-
gious notices, and the like, one in-
sertion, 60 cents per square.

Births, marriages and deaths, in-
serted without charge; but all ad-
ditions to these notices, announce-
ments of new names, &c., will be
charged at 6 cents per line, no charge
being less than 25 cents.

No paper will be discontinued
until arrears are paid, except at
the option of the publishers.

Job Printing
in its various branches, executed
with despatch.

F. A. PRATT....WM. MESER.

Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED, JUNE 12, 1758.

Volume 102.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

Children's Corner.

For the Child's Corner.
REMINISCENCES OF NEW YORK AND
BROOKLYN.

(Continued.)

We cannot now dwell upon the reflections of our good friend, as this sketch is written to give some idea of New York and Brooklyn, as they appeared to a traveller sixty years ago.

The day after his arrival being the Sabbath, he embraced the opportunity of attending the Episcopal Church on Broadway, opposite Wall street. Here old Trinity Church built in 1596, had stood until the Revolutionary War, a period of eighty years. Then it was destroyed by fire. He found that the new Trinity Church, then twelve years old, had been built about the same time as the old, and that it stood in the very same spot.

It was a square building, very inferior to the elegant church which is now called Trinity, and that was built on the same spot in the year 1846.

As many of our readers have never seen the lofty spire of Trinity, in New York, we will pause here to give some description of this magnificent church, which is the most costly one in the city. The material of the building is of fine reddish sandstone. It covers a large space of ground, and yet so much space is occupied by the tower and steeple, that there is but little room for the congregation, more than 800 persons. This is a very small number for a church two hundred feet long. The immense height of the steeple towering upwards 284 feet into the air attracts the attention of strangers. (The spire of Trinity Church, Newport, is but 120 feet high.) Three hundred and eight steps up into the spire will give you a fine lookout upon the city and its surroundings. Turning towards the north, in the direction of Broadway on the right, you have the East River flowing between New York and Brooklyn. This river is about three-quarters of a mile in width.

AN OLD CITIZEN OF NEWPORT.

For the Child's Corner.
Tax following little story, related by Mrs. Signature, was sent to E. L. E., with a request that she would verify it for our young readers. We welcome this gifted young lady as a contributor to the "Child's Corner."

A LITTLE INCIDENT.

Tis from the little ones, O God,
Their simple hearts and antless ways—
Wiser, because more pure than we,
Thou hast perfect praise.

A tiny creature, scarcely learned
In words to tell her infant thought,
A nursing of three tender springs—
This precious lesson taught.

She was abroad where social cheer
To every friendly lip was pressed,
And love had dainties well prepared
To please the little guest.

Her father's faith for daily food
A daily blessing had implored,
And prayer, she deemed, with each repeat,
Must rise above the board.

And wondering she sat, and sat,
Untested all the bounty given;—
The master did not pause to thank
The giver up in Heaven.

Then sorrowful to him she turned,
And softly lisped, "Please, sir, pay peace?"

Unnoticed or unknown it passed—
That sweet request to pray.

And so she bowed her head, and laid
Her folded hands with reverent care,
And in her baby accents said
Her little evening prayer.*

The guests were silent, she who spoke
In pure simplicity had prayed;
An aged voice the silence broke.
As reverently the voice broke.

"Out of the mouth of babes, O Lord,
And sucklings" (wondrous are the ways,
And wise the counsels of His word)
"Thou hast prepared the way."

E. L. E.

Now I lay me, &c.

Poetry.

TO A FRIEND IN AUTUMN.

Friend, the year is overgrown
Summer like a bird hath flown,
Leaving nothing (fruits nor flowers)
Save remembrance of sweet hours;

And a fierce and forward season,
Blowing loud for some rough reason,
Rusheth from a land unknown.

Where is laughing May, who leapt
From the ground when April wept?
Where is rose-encumbered June,
July with her lazy noon?

August with her crown of corn?
And the fresh September morn?

Will they come back to us—soon?—soon?

Never! Time is overgrown!

All that e'er was good is flown;

All things that were good and gay,

(Dances, songs, smiles) have flown away;

And we now must sing together

Strains more sad than autumn weather;

And dance upon a stormy ground,

Whilst the wild winds pipe around,

A dark and forgotten pleasure;

Graver than the ghost of pleasure;

Till at last, at Winter's call,

We die and are forgotten by all!

INDIAN SUMMER.

There is a time just when the frost
Prepares to pave old Winter's way,

When autumn in a reverie lost,

The mellow daytime dreams away:

When Summer comes in musing mind,

To gaze once more on hill and dell,

To mark how many sheaves they bind,

And see if all are ripened well.

With bairny breath she whispers low,

The dying flowers look up and give

Their sweetest incense ere they go,

For her who made them beauties lie,

She enters 'neath the woodlands shade,

Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf;

And bear in gentle where are laid

The loved and lost ones of its grief.

At last old Autumn, rising, takes

Again his sceptre, and his throne

With boisterous hand he shakes the trees,

Intent on gathering all his own.

Sweet Summer, sighing, flies the plain,

And waiting Winter gant and grim,

Sees misers Autumn board his grain,

And smiles to think it's all for him,

REMEMBER.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,

Wherever our fortunes call,

With a friendly glance and an open hand,

And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,

Where toil is the portion of man,

We all should try, while passing along,

To make it as smooth as we can.

Original Tale.

Written for the Mercury.

SHIP AHoy!

BY M.—DD.—N.

(Continued.)
THE STARVED CHILDREN—RECEPTION
AT THE HOME

His lengthened notes in sonorous accents say,
I do—I think—I fast—I pray—I

Five hundred dollars to the Bible Society; five hundred to the Foreign Missionary Association; five hundred to the Widows' and Orphans' Home, (which specialty shall not only be trebled, but quadrupled, provided my clipper ship New Orleans makes a paying speculation of the present Guinea cruise,) besides there are scores and items innumerable—fifteen-hundred-dollars—in round numbers. Wouldn't it more than foot up my charities? All cash down, too—kaklaikan' interest, it makes up a pretty tellin' totality. Surely, I, if any one, may write over against my name, 'I pay tithe of all that I possess.'

Such was the self-laudatory mental rehearsal of the Hon. Michael Million, as he lolled in his counting-room easy chair, leisurely inspiring the odorous weed—Washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water, and purring with phlebotomous fogginess over the superfine forepegs by whose proxy potency he volunteered to spring the golden hasps of Heaven's pearly gates! Heaven. That safe-keep for gems and ore—how entrancing its alleged auriferous glow! The very sunlight would be a superfluity. To his final consciousness the mint was the pacific annihilator of all inconvenient moral restrictions. It levelled and magically swept out of sight such uncongenial barricades. Nominally, he was charity personified, catholicity on stilts, the embodiment of the beatitudes, the ultraist of ultraism. In business transactions his name was a commercial bond, the essential prerequisite to success, without whose aid the most flattering enterprise flashed and fused. In default, he stood universal creditor, the most rigorous cancelling, always and disputably, for figures are truthful witnesses, securing to Michael Million every balance due. Placability and plausibility by mysterious ciphering, out-problematizing Archimedes and distancing Euclid—yet all incog!

You know, children, that the greatest evil on earth is sin. From this evil Christ came to deliver his people. Listen to his own words addressed to that little group of Christians, and you will see that they had great cause for gratitude and joy: "When I passed by and looked upon thee, thy time was a time of love. Then was I pited to thee with water. Then was thou decked with gold and silver, and thy raiment was of fine lines and silk and purple work. And I then did eat fine flesh and honey and oil. And I sat at a sumptuous crown upon thy head."—Ezekiel, xvi. chapter

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Thus you see, that each one of that little group had great reason to rejoice. Should you not think it strange if those little wretched children had not been happy in the Home for the Friendless? Yes, indeed you would. But Christ's little ones, of whom I am telling, had each become the daughter of a King. Read the forty-fifth Psalm and you will see that it is so. And when they enter into the King's palace with gladness and rejoicing, may we all be found in that great company and sit down with them to the marriage feast.

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When on the Sabbath his presence plead up and down the aisles of the church, the very patens seemed endowed with an articulate whine—a sort of 'penny, please-good-sir' persuasiveness, and to endorse precept by example, a pet theory of his—he pharasaically paused before the altar and scourged the exterior of his capacious pockets, provocative of at least a jingle; and the Pixies, busy imps, saucily hinted that oft times the jingle was the only contribution. But we are no Pixies, except for pastime. Our hero was the practical advocate of that ricketty theology popularly christened expediency; consequently he had us many casts for chameleon-like Orthodoxy, as a forger has plates, and at every revolving phase challenged honesty and indicated humility by the conjoint augmentation of phylacteries and austerities and prayers! He seemed not unlike a corporal injunction, or perpetual plaintiff, I vs. Thou, the ever running execution, and yet so adroit was he in the explication of his adaptable creed that he virtually inscribed error over the frontals of truth the polished caricature toying speculatively through the mists rasped from essential irregularities. His life-track a sort of in-lined plane, telling accommodately at indiscernible extremes, all things to all men, if by any means he might save something. In brief, this theoretic laic prodigy was comparable to most presumptive revisers of Heaven's statutes, preferring his own translation and tying his own issue. A corrupt fountain stains its devious tributaries and pollutes the broad ocean flow.

Michael Million was one of a class who in every relationship, seem to rotate swivel-like about an oily axle, making the circuit of the cardinals, yet always furthest from the sun. He had a Pecksniffian smile for his best friend, and a Pecksniffian bow for his bitter foe—alike syphonic to both. He had no sympathy with lightning characters; he dodged their directness as promptly as he did Jove's sharp-shooters. How mercurial was that glance-shot thro' avenues of barrels, boxes, bottles, all full, brimming full, of niceties—and hitherto niceties had been Ella's only bill of fare.

Those oranges, so fresh, and nice for mamma's cough, how I wish I could take some to her, nursed the child, now become prematurely provident. Last year I came here with papa just about the same hour of the day, to invite Uncle Million and his family to spend Christmas with us at our own house. Oh, what a gay time we had one year—only one year ago!—and now papa is dead, uncle lives in our house on Eglantine Court, my little cousin play with my pets, ride my pony, frolic on my play-ground, and have forgotten already that I ever loved all these pleasant things just as well as they do now. One year! and we are round in Grin-lane sewing for her bread—stitching and hemming for our old visitors, who now forget our number, and pass by our street, except for stitching and hemming calls! We cannot have Christmas turkey nor a plum pudding, nor music nor dancing, and the little full heart

apple tree, he speaks his old ally, the sun, from an opposite angle, grins slyly on his own antics, and mocking at your cruelty. Hail him, he has the countersign; solicit an opinion, he's off for no-man's land with that same sun for his pilot. He is neither politician, civilian, nor warrior; identified with no party, favors no candidate; he belongs to the Plain, but he will drop into the ballot-box the genuine prox. There's method in his indifference, and argument in his neutrality.

Why do you stand there looking so dromish, eh? I enquired the Hon. millionaire, of, apparently, a gold-headed cane, which he brandished against the panels of the massive door that stood ajar, which indication it obeyed with a startling report and a sort of snapping-turtle clutch of the latch, that reverberated through the vast arches and imposing corridors of the huge arcade, whose remote extremes united parallel streets, with volume somewhat suggestive of the roar of Vesuvius through the marts of Pompeii.

To what family does a particular specimen of conchology belong?

He should take it for a shell; it looks like what we call shells—it may not be right.

Hasn't he inadvertently exchanged his old cotton umbrella for Mr. Goodman's new silk one?

An exchange is no robbery—and he robes.

Isn't his dog a little mischievous?

There may be something in him—besides dog"—(smiles.)

Did he not make a fortune very suddenly?

Hark! speak louder.

Didn't he find shaving a fast business? Mam!

Quite the drum of his air; will he pay you even a ten per cent. dividend upon the fifty thousand dollars his shrewdness transferred from your capital to his own?

He is in a comatose state and must not be disturbed.

Right about face—the sun. Thank Heaven that debt is paid—an honest man's

Naturalist, moralist, religionist, with what order, genera or species do you propose to classify such posers as we have now been analyzing?

To hide our personality behind a negative screen, we trust courtesy will permit us to respond with imitative indefiniteness 'don't know.'

It is now the day before Christmas—that social era when warm hearts warm anew, and shivering bodies quake from contrast.

THE SALT ISLANDS.—The dates from which Islands were the 1st of October—prospects of business were poor, and the company was enabled by reports from the Atlantic relative to the cheapness of coal oil, it was thought would diminish the demand for oil, and injure the whaling business of oil. Some of the sugar plantations were moderately well, but the coffee crop was a failure. The number of whalerships arranged to Oct. 1, was only ten.

BRITISH SHIP ADELIA, Capt. Hart, which left at Homestead, 27, reported that the American whaler ship Mastiff, Capt. Johnson, for Foochow for Hong Kong, having on 175 Chinese, was burned at sea on the 13th October. All the passengers with the exception of one Chinaman, who was smothered, were taken off by the Achilles, and conveyed to Hong Kong. Among the passengers were R. H. of Boston, C. C. Harris, Geo. Clifford, J. Richmond and M. Schoultz.

CHINAMAN.—The Chinese are said to have had a sharp encounter.

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Special Notices.

COAL, COAL, COAL.

CALL AND SEE.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

before purchasing your supply of

COAL.

August 20.—t

BERKELEY INSTITUTE,

15 WASHINGTON SQUARE.

THIS SCHOOL is thoroughly organized, has a full corps of teachers, and three distinct departments, viz.—English, Classical and French.

Students are so arranged as to afford boys the most ample facilities for preparing themselves for Merchantile life.

Pupils admitted to a partial course of study, and to classes in the Modern Languages.

Classes of young ladies in the Modern Languages and in Drawing.

WM. C. LEVERETT,

Principal.

Nov 19.—t

MODERN LANGUAGES.

M. MONSANTO, graduate of the Uni-

versity of France, connected with the

BERKELEY INSTITUTE of this city, as a teacher of

modern languages, offers his services to persons

wishing to study the French, German, and

Italian languages during the vacation of the

year.

LYDIA PITMAN,

late of Newport, widow deceased, represented

present her report for recompence, to be paid

to the same, as follows: \$1000.

JOHN D. WILLIAMS,

late of Newport, deceased, presents her account

on said estate to the Council Chamber,

in the City Hall, Newport, for considera-

tion, and it is ordered that notice thereof be

published for fourteen days, once a week, in the

Newport Mercury.

WM. H. SMITH,

DENTIST,

WINBURN'S BLOCK,

139 THAMES STREET.

Newport, R. I.

Court of Probate, Newport, Nov 19.—t

HANNAH E. WILLIAMS, executrix of the

will, last and testament of

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B. B. HOWLAND, Prob. Ct.

Nov 19.—t

W. B. HOWLAND, Prob. Ct.

